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No. 36

BY THE SEA.

BY THOMAS ROBERTS.

How sweet upon this wild promontory
To watch the motion of the waves below,
Breaking o'er sand and shells perpetually
Or falling on pointed rocks, like flashes of
snow;
And far upon the ocean to descry
Ships, slowly fading from the watching eye!
And hear the shore small crafts at anchor
ride,
And scatter'd seagulls o'er the surface fly,
Or dive beneath the waves to catch the smaller
fish.
That swim in crowded shoals beneath the
tide.
The setting sun adorns the Western sky,
Tinging the clouds with streaks of red,
And all is silent save the restless sea,
Sweeping forever o'er its pebbly bed!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE PROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINE
OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol.
56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

V.—[Continued.]

The garden was crowded with people. They had come to hear the music; and in the dust and the fringes of chairs, each sought for a place. The two friends quickly entered a restaurant to escape all this din. They installed themselves in one of those large salons, on the first floor, from whence they could see the green leaves of the trees, the promenades and the ornament of a water fountain between the two melancholy squares of the parterre. For Sigismund was the ideal of luxury, this restaurant hall, with gold everywhere, around the mirrors, in the chandeliers and even upon the hangings of figured paper. The white napkin, the little bread, the carte of a dinner at a fixed price filled him with joy.

"We are well-fixed, are we not?" said he to Risler.

Then, at each one of the dishes of this feast at two francs, fifty centimes, he cried out, filled by force his friend's plate:

"Eat this—'tis good!"

The other, despite his desire to do honor to the fete, seemed preoccupied and looked steadily out of the window.

"Do you remember, Sigismund?" said he after the lapse of a moment.

The old cashier, wrapped up in his memories of other times, in the first appearance of Risler at the manufactory, responded:

"I believe I remember—let me see! The first time that we dined together at the Palais-Royal was in February, '46, the year in which they introduced flat plates at the manufactory."

Risler shook his head:

"Oh! no! I speak of what took place three years ago. 'Tis there, facing us, where we dined, that famous evening."

And he pointed out to him the great windows of the salon of Vefour which the setting sun lighted up as with the chandeliers of a wedding banquet.

"'Tis true!" murmured Sigismund somewhat confused. What an unfortunate idea he had had to bring his friend to a spot which recalled to him such painful things!

Risler, not wishing to render the repast sorrowful, lifted his glass hastily.

"Here's to your health, my old comrade."

He strove to turn away the conversation. But a moment after, he himself brought it back to the same subject, and in a low tone, as if he was ashamed, he asked of Sigismund:

"Have you seen her?"

"Your wife? No—never!"

"She wrote no more?"

"No—no more at all."

"But, at least, you ought to have news of her. What has she done during these six months? Does she live with her parents?"

"No."

Risler grew pale.

He had hoped that Sidonie would have returned to her mother, that she would have told, like him, to forget and expiate. He had thought often that from what he might learn of her when he should have the right to speak of her, he would regulate his future life, and in one of those distant futures which have the indecision of a dream, he saw himself sometimes exiling himself with the Chebels in the midst of some thoroughly unknown country where nothing would recall to him the past shame. This was not a project, certainly; but it lived in the depths of his mind like a hope and that need which all human beings have to recover happiness.

"Is she in Paris?" asked he after a few instants of reflection.

"No. She has been gone these three months. No one knows whither she has departed."

Sigismund did not add that she had gone

with her Casaboni whose name she now bore, that they had travelled together through the country towns, that her mother was grief-stricken, saw her no longer and never heard of her except from Delobelle. Sigismund did not believe he ought to say anything about all that, and after his last words: "She has departed," he paused.

Risler on his side did not dare to ask anything further.

Whilst they were there, opposite to each other, terribly embarrassed by the long silence, the military band started up under the trees of the garden. They played one of those Italian opera overtures which seem made for the open sky of public promenades, and the numerous notes of which mingle, as they mount into the air, with the "past!"

past!" of the swallows, with the pearly

swallows which from the rain gutter in which they crowded together, one against another, saluted the closing day with a final chirp.

"Where shall we go?" asked Planus on quitting the restaurant.

"Wherever you will."

There was in the immediate vicinity, on a first floor of the Rue Montpensier, a cafe

chantant into which they saw a great crowd entering.

"Shall we ascend?" asked Planus, who

wished to dissipate at any price the sorrow of his friend. "The beer is excellent."

Risler allowed himself to be drawn along; for six months he had not tasted beer.

"Was a former restaurant transformed

into a concert hall. Three large rooms, the

toilets and the triviality of their counter

smile, all these ladies stretching their little

gills towards the fish-hook of sentiment,

rolled languishing eyes in the direction of

the singer. The fun of the thing was to

see this look at the stage transform itself

suddenly, become disdainful and con-

scious as it fell upon the husband, the

husband about to drink tranquilly a glass

of beer opposite to his wife! "The son of

who would be capable of being *scatolo* in

the face of lions and in a black coat also,

and with yellow gloves!"

And the eye of the husband had just the

air of responding:

"Ah! yes—he's a jolly fellow!"

Indifferent enough to that kind of her-

ism, Risler and Sigismund slipped their beer

without paying great attention to the music,

He had fears for his friend, without know-

ing precisely of what; and immediately the

idea came to him to take him away:

"Let us go, Risler. We will die of heat

here."

The moment they arose—for Risler cared

no more about remaining than departing—

the orchestra, composed of a piano and

several violins, began a fantastic flourish.

There took place in the hall a movement of

curiosity. People cried out: "Chut!—Chut!

St down!"

They were obliged to return to their

places. Now Risler commenced to be

troubled.

"I know that air they are playing," said

he to himself. "Where have I heard it?"

Thunders of applause and an exclamation

from Planus made him raise his eyes.

which to see out the only romance that

Madame Dolson had ever been able to

teach her:

"Passez petite Mam'selle Risler,

C'est l'amour, l'amour qui tourne la tête à

Planus."

Risler had arisen, in spite of the efforts of

Planus.

"Sit down—all down!" they cried out to

him.

The unhappy man heard nothing.

He stared at his wife.

L'amour, l'amour qui tourne la tête à

repeated Sidonie affectionately.

For a moment he asked himself if he

should not leap upon the stage and kill

everybody. Red flashes passed before his

eyes like a blizzard of fury.

Then suddenly shame and disgust seized

on him, and he precipitated himself out of

doors overturning chairs, tables, pumpled

by the startled looks and imprecations of all

the scandalized shop-keepers.

VI.

SIDONIE'S VENGEANCE.

Never, during the twenty years and more

that he had dwelt at Montrouge, had Sigis-

mond Planus returned so late, without

notifying his sister. Hence Mademoiselle

Planus was in great anxiety. Living in

community of ideas and everything with her

brother, there being but one and the same

soul for her and for him, the old maid had

felt for many months the rebound of all

the inquietudes of all the indignations of

the cashier; and from this there remained

to her, even now, a great facility for trem-

bling and being troubled. At the least

delay of Sigismund she thought:

"Ah! Great Heavens! Suppose there

has been some complication at the manu-

factory?"

Behold why, that evening, once the poultry

perched and asleep, the dinner cleared

away without having been touched, Mademoiselle

Planus sat down in the little low

parlor, and waited, full of agitation.

At last towards eleven o'clock somebody

came. A timid and melancholy pull at the

bell which resembled in nothing the vigor-

ous jerk of Sigismund.

"Is it you, Monsieur Planus?" demanded

the old maid from the top of the steps.

"I was he; but he did not come in alone.

A tall old man all bent followed him, who,

on entering, said good day in a slow voice.

Then only Mademoiselle Planus recognized

Risler Aine, whom she had not seen since

the New Year's Day visit, that is to say

some time before all the dramas of the

manufactory. She could scarcely keep back

an exclamation of pity, but before the

grave silence of the two men, she com-

prehended that she must restrain herself.

"Mademoiselle Planus, my sister, you

will put fresh sheets on my bed. Our friend

Risler will do us the honor to sleep here,

to-night."

The old maid went very quickly to pre-

pare the chamber with a care almost tender;

for besides M. Planus, my brother, Risler

was the only man exempted from the general

reprobation in which she enveloped them

all.

On quitting the cafe chantant, Sidonie's

husband had at first been frightfully excited

for a moment. He had walked, on the arm

of Planus, his whole body relaxed. At that

hour, there was no longer any need to go

look for the latter and the packet at Mont-

rouge.

"Leave me—go away," said he to Sigis-

mond, "I want to be alone."

But the other would on no account have

abandoned him thus to his despair. Without

Risler noticing it, he had drawn him far

away from the manufactory, and the intel-

ligence of his heart inspiring the old cashier

with what he ought to say to his friend,

along the entire route he had spoken to

him only of Frantz, his dear Frantz whom

he so much loved.

"Yes, yes, there is affection, true and

sure. No treason to fear with hearts like

his."

Whilst talking, they had left Paris noisy

to the centre. They walked now along the

quays, went in the neighborhood of the Jar-

din des Plantes, plunged into the Faubourg

Saint-Marceau. Risler allowed him

self to be led. The words of Planus did

him so much good!

They arrived thus beside the Riviere, bor-

dered in that spot by tanneries, the great

barred off driers of which shut out the blue

padding the depths of the sky; then, in the

rambling plains of Montrouge, vast lands

burned and stripped by the breath of fire

which Paris spreads around from its daily

heat, like a gigantic dragon whose breath-

ings of smoke, of steam, suffer to vegetation

within their reach.

From Montrouge to the fortifications of

Montrouge is but a step. Once there, Plan-

us had not much trouble to draw his friend

to his dwelling. He thought with reason

that his aim, hitherto, the spectacle of a

fraternal friendship, peaceable and devoted,

would penetrate the heart of that unfor-

unate like a torrent of the happiness

which awaited him near his brother Frantz.

And, in truth, scarcely had they entered

within the charm of the little house opera-

ted.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my old fellow,"

said Risler, walking rapidly about in the low

parlor, "I must think no more of that wo-

man. She is as one dead for me now. I

have only my dear Frantz in the world. I

know not yet whether I will bring him

back or whether I will go to repay him,

what is certain is that we will remain to-

gether. I desired so much to have a son,

to hold my son found. I want no other.

When I think that I have had for an instant

the idea of dying—She would have been



A MERRY DINNER PARTY.

leap of the fountain. The sounding brasses make the warm midness of those ends of summer days, so wearisome, so long in Paris, depart appropriately; it seems that one hears nothing but them. The distant wheels, the cries of playing children, the footsteps of the promenaders are borne away in those sonorous waves leaping out and refreshing, as useful to the Parisians as the daily watering of the promenades. All around the fatigued flowers, the trees white with dust, the faces which the heat has rendered pale and sad, all the sorrows, all the miseries of a great city bent down and dreamy upon the benches of the garden receive from them an impression of relief and comfort. The air is stirred, renewed by these accords which pass through it filled with harmony.

The poor Risler felt something like an unbending of all his nerves.

"A little music does good," said he with brilliant eyes; and he added lowering his voice:

"I am troubled, my old friend. If you

know—"

They remained without speaking, leaning on their elbows at the window, whilst they were served with coffee.

Then the music ceased, the garden be-

came deserted. The light which had lingered in the corners mounted towards the roof, threw its last rays upon the highest window-panes, followed by the birds, the

partitions of which had been taken down, had been thrown into one, supported and separated by gilded columns, a Moorish decoration, bright red, soft blue, with little crescents and rolled up turbanes for embellishment.

Although it was yet early, every part was full; and one was suffocated, even before entering, simply from seeing that conglomerate of people seated around the tables, and at the very extremity, half-hidden by the succession of columns, these women

buddled together upon a stage, dressed in white, in the heat and the dazzle of the gas.

Our two friends had much trouble to find

places, even behind a column from whence they could only see half of the stage, occu-

ped at that moment by a superb gentleman in a black coat and yellow gloves, curled

waxed, pomaded, who was singing in a

vibrating voice:

Mes beaux yeux aux cieux d'ors.

Les sangs des tropiques d'ardors.

Haï-haï! je fais second!

The public—small leaders of the quarter

with their wives and their young ladies—

seemed enraptured; the women especially.

He was so exactly the ideal of shop

imaginations, that magnificent shepherd

of the desert, who spoke to the lions

with such authority and watched his

flock in evening dress. Hence despite

their shop-keeping behavior, their modest

when, the romance finished, amid the ap-

plause, the cries, the noise which followed,

Pere Planus uttered an exclamation:

"How dull—one might say—but yes, I

am not deceived—'tis he—'tis Delobelle!"

"Was in reality the illustrious actor that

he had discovered below him, on the first

an extensive treatise upon
her Diseases." The Author
courses of domestic treatment,
then renders the services of a phy-
sician. Every woman should
copy of the Adviser can be ob-
taining the Author, Dr. E. V.
Bakko, N. Y. Price size (postage
favorite Prescription is sold by



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Saturday Evening, March 31, 1877.

A HIDDEN SPAIN

Passing through one of the worst streets of New York on a holiday, the writer came upon a crowd of low and hardened rogues engaged in an uproarious game of football. Back and forth the ball flew, to the accompaniment of hoarse shouts of laughter and profanity.

A little girl about four years old, poor and ragged, started to run across the street, was struck with great force by the ball, and thrown down into the gutter. Instantly there was silence; a dozen strong fellows rushed forward, the child was tenderly lifted, and not being injured was soon quieted by the sympathy and caresses of the crowd. It was a genuine spontaneous outburst of kindly feeling and tenderness as unlooked for as water from the heart of a rock, but the living spring was there, needing only the right touch to bring it forth from the depths of overlying hardness, sin and brutality. How to give that touch and bring the better nature to life, is the problem for those to study who would rescue the fallen.

A SERIOUS LITTLE MATTER

Ladies, a word about your feet. It should perhaps be said at this time—well it is said there—and very likely, like many well aimed words it may fall there, and be trampled on contemptuously.

First here is a secret which is no secret because every body knows it, and yet a secret because very few confess it; gentlemen do greatly admire handsome feet neatly clad. Also that so many of you should be taking such pains to spoil their shape by the absurd fashion of high heels. They throw the foot forward, forcing the toes into a crowded position, causing corns and bunions. Half the corn doctors derive their income from the effects of this fashion.

More than this, the elastic spring of the foot is almost wholly destroyed, and the whole gait and carriage of the body are made painfully awkward, especially by the small pointed heels, in vogue. The weight of the body comes down on the solid heel, not on the exquisite yielding arch made on purpose to receive it and lessen the jolt and fatigue of walking.

A few years since, good, sensible, broad soled, low heeled, roomy, comfortable, English walking shoes, placed our ladies on as good a footing as their fair countenances over the water; it is too bad that the French styles should now be permitted to take their place. Now, seriously, the millennium will never come so long as France is allowed to tyrannize in the fashionable world, and so we utter this earnest word that you may help to make the road to it easier to travel.

CHURCH-GOING DOGS

In the study which naturalists are giving to the mental traits and powers of the lower animals, many curious facts are brought out which are wholly unexplainable on the old theory of instinct.

Among these may be cited many well authenticated instances of the desire shown by dogs to accompany their masters to the place of worship.

The writer has known many such. In one instance, the family objected to the proceeding, and tried to stop it by shutting the dog up before leaving for church. This succeeded for one or two weeks, but afterward when Sunday came, doggie was nowhere to be seen, until arriving near the church there he was awaiting their entrance and positively refusing to be driven back. He knew when Sunday came, and always continued to be out of the way in the morning, until at last he was permitted to go to church unmolested.

In Brooklyn N. Y., lived a dog known to the writer that for a long time was a regular attendant at the Reid Ave. M. E. Church. He conducted himself with eminent propriety, disturbed no one, and evidently enjoyed the services, for he was always at his place, whether any member of the family to whom he belonged was there or not.

One day the sexton of the church without just cause, nobly drove him back so he was

about taking his accustomed place, and sent him yelping up the street; but he did not immediately return home. He took his course straight to the church of another denomination where he secured admission, and thereafter worshipped (in his fashion) regularly until his death several years after.

Two traits exhibited by many of the more intelligent species of dogs may lead to their desire of church-going. They may be attracted by the music, as it is well known that many of them delight in it, as indeed is the case with many other animals. A cat in the possession of the writer always seeks entrance to the parlor when the organ is being played, and manifests her pleasure by purring, and in her own way making an encore when the music ceases.

It is well known that dogs are no mean judges of human nature; that they will readily discern the humor of their masters and govern themselves accordingly. We have known a dog to utterly refuse to own or to take any notice of his master when the latter was intoxicated, and seemingly to manifest intense disgust. It is possible that having observed that men, put on their best behavior, as well as their best clothes when attending church, the dogs find special enjoyment in their society at that time, and if one is improved by high association, then the practice of church-going dogs is certainly worthy of all commendation.

ANSWER

In the days of useful (?) misery, when we were being guided by a rattle through the mazes of English grammar as expounded by Lindley Murray, we were best pleased with the part of speech called the "Interjection." First because so little was said about it, and so its story was soon learned.

Then it was such a lively little member; peeping up here and there in a sentence like a frolicsome boy in a crowd of staid, grown people, and having just such an irresponsible way with it, that it appeared the most companionable part of speech for a youngster. It had too so direct and electric a vim, like the crack of a whip-lash, or the explosion of a fire-cracker.

In our youthful reading, the stories were favorites which were thickly studded with its sharp point; we could tell at a glance which pieces to skip; if there were none of these explosives, it must of course be wise and good and therefore out of the range of our sympathies, as that was before we had learned to be wise and good.

Mature years have shown that the youthful instincts were not at fault in singling out the interjection for special regard. They may claim precedence in the history of language.

The baby's first feeble wail is expressed in these, the only forms of speech he knows, brought with him from other spheres, and alone surviving the wreck of his recollections of pre-existence: for many months they are a sufficient vernacular for all his wishes, woes, and wondrous thoughts. No other part of language ever bears such burden.

It is the first form, the universal element of vocal expression, and as such is well understood and used by all the lower creatures who click, buzz, pipe, bark, bray and belch, each after his kind, and find ample scope therein for all their outgoing of thought, by language. Thus it forms a most important link in tracing the advancement of species up to higher grades; they may lose their tails, shed their fur, feathers and horns, discard their trunks, shorn stentoroes, but under every guise they hold fast this form of sound words.

Note especially how the interjection is the very condensation of expression; the essence of language: it is briefly abbreviated, and forcible accordingly—it will pierce between the joints which could withstand the heaviest blows of words of learned length and thunderous sound. The "Pish" of the skeptic has overthrown pyramids of polemics; the "Hallelujah" of Saints has driven consternation into the hardened ranks of sinners and brought them to their knees.

Alas! sorrow fills my soul; grief makes weary my days and fills my nights with unrest; rob life of its brightness, obscures my thoughts so that I can no longer see truth or goodness, and spreads a pall over the universe.

Now then, strike out all after the word "Alas!" and you have the whole story told in a way that stirs the sympathy, the imagination and the understanding, better than a whole page of extension could do it.

The interjection is the rifle crack; the words which follow are only the echoes which reverberate among the hills and hollows. O that newspaper correspondents would apply these truths! How much eye-salve, patience, scratch work, and—thankful declining—might be saved.

ANSWER TO THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

The puzzle below was published in the Post of January 27th, and a prize, "The Works of Charles Dickens in 14 volumes," was offered for the first correct solution which should be received before March 1st.

We have waited some weeks after that date, thinking some one might hit upon the right answer before seeing it here, but not one correct solution has been received.

The puzzle was:

E E E H A T
 c c c c c c c c c

The proper reading of it is: One c's with e's by hat over many c's, or: One sees with ease by a chart over many seas.

A SUGGESTION.—It is always in order to ask your friends and neighbors to share your pleasure in reading the POST. We do not complain of those who lend their papers, but commend their kindness, the more especially as we believe that those who examine a few successive numbers will desire to possess it for themselves.

Old-fashioned Methodists were noted for the amen-ties of their worship.

GOMA

BY CHARLES S. LARSEN.

Heavy hang the crimson roses
 On the dew-damp mound,
 As the sunlight cold and silent,
 Leaves the desolate ground.
 Withered are the perfumed roses,
 Tied with golden vines,
 To the border of one garden Goma,
 Lying 'neath the grass,
 O shadows of all living beauties,
 Why seek you not to be?
 To be the dreams I dream for her,
 Whose dreams are of the dead?
 If I could only know the way,
 But life stands in the way.
 Fin, I'll kill it! Love is better,
 Than breath without its day!
 Listen! 'tis the voice of Goma,
 [Yes the wound is deep!]
 Listen! 'tis the soul of Goma,
 Singing in its sleep!
 Swift rolls the earth the sky through,
 Towards an endless night.
 Sweetly sings of Love fair Goma,
 In some awful light!
 Strange to me in plaintive music,
 Melting all the spheres,
 While I seem to hear my Goma,
 Through eternal years!
 Hark! 'tis the voice of Goma,
 Whipping up the grave,
 Which gives her spirit breath,
 Through eternal years!
 As the silver mystic moonlight,
 Dances o'er the wave,
 I listen to her Love-song,
 Breaking through dark death,
 With wings into that Heaven,
 Which gives her spirit breath,
 With my ear against the cold ground,
 So then let me die!
 Listen! 'tis the soul of Goma,

DICK THORNTON'S CORRESPONDENT.

BY BUREAU MORTON.

PART I.

"Go! for the mountains! Hunting, fishing, sketching and driving, boating, croquet, and flirting!" cried Charlie Graham, enthusiastically, as he looked into Dick Thornton's eyes, who were staring at him, an evening, radiant with fun and excitement.

"Come on, old fellow, put a few things together in your valise, and make your calculations to go off with me to-morrow, on my four weeks' vacation."

"Really, Graham, that you?" drawled the elegant Dick Thornton, as he half rose from his recumbent position on a violet sofa, and looked up at his enthusiastic visitor, to whom he presented a striking contrast. "You do take a fellow so by storm. I believe I was half asleep when you rushed in, in your whirlwind style."

"I don't propose to show you the picture, till you've seen the letters, then, you shall see the scrap which writes such divine nonsense, though it be at the peril of your heart! Here is the first letter; read it, and then wonder, if you can, that it made every nerve within me thrill with exalted emotion and inspired me to do my prettiest in answering."

And Charlie, taking a dainty sheet of note-paper from Dick, read as follows:

(Miss Nellie Nettley to Dick Dashington.)

"BRANDON-ON-THE-HUDSON,"

"August 20, —"

"MR. DICK DASHINGTON—Receiving your 'Personal' in today's edition of the *Transfer*, I was delighted to find that you had written an episode in my own experience, one year ago, traveling last summer in company with a few friends in the vicinity of the White Mountains. We chanced to sojourn for a few days at the Glen Mountain House, a very fashionable resort, and, while there, my attention was irresistibly drawn to a gentleman, one of the guests, who possessed a few of the most attractive qualities of any I met."

"I will not tell you that he was really handsome, for of that you are doubtless perfectly well aware, it is quite possible that the real secret of my attraction to him lay in the fact that he was so evidently so close with me. Meeting constantly, at the table, in the performance of duties, and in quite an animated flirtation, during the few days of my stay there,—yet, in all that time, I did not learn his name, nor as I am aware, had he learned mine. But when, to my deep regret, and, also, evidently to the pleasure of the other guests, I was abruptly by my party leaving the Glen Mountain House, I thought I could not rest in such a fashionable resort, and, while there, my attention was irresistibly drawn to a gentleman, one of the guests, who possessed a few of the most attractive qualities of any I met."

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one grain of common sense, who would have noticed such an advertisement or who would think the advertiser otherwise than a vain, conceited coxcomb."

"Upon my life!" Graham drew his reality into his eyes, also rising in his languid way, and facing his friend, "I'll wager a dozen cigars that when we meet again, four weeks from to-night, on your return from the mountains, I will have my trophies to display in the shape of letters and a lady's photograph."

"Doubt!" and Graham laughed and held out his hand. "Then you'll not go with me? Well, then, old fellow, good-bye. I start by daylight to-morrow."

"Remember,—a dozen cigars," were Dick's parting words. "Good-bye, good-bye!"

PART II.

Charlie Graham's vacation of four weeks was quickly over, and he returned to the city. Arriving on a late afternoon train, his first step, after a hasty dinner at his restaurant, was to call on Dick Thornton, walking in upon that gentleman with his usual unceremoniousness and taking him quite by surprise.

Verily one might have envied Dick Thornton, for he was the very picture of indolent repose and happiness. He was reclining in a crimson lounge-chair, under a brilliant flood of gas-light, with slippers feet resting on a velvet of roses, and eyes fixed in rapid attention on the lofty, frescoed ceiling, he appeared quite absorbed in some no-colored reverie.

An elegant cigar-case lay on the writing-table at his elbow; but he was apparently above the need of even the consolations of favorite Havanas, for the cigar which he held idly in his slender fingers, was rapidly going out, until only a faint red spark remained, amid a wreath of pale ashes.

There was an exceedingly self-satisfied smile lurking around his mouth, as if his thoughts were of a very agreeable nature; and when Graham approached, suddenly acceded him. That Dick started as he had been about and turned around quite flushed and conscious-looking.

A merry interchange of greetings followed and for a time Graham was enthusiastic in his glowing reports of "Oh, such an elegant time!" that he had had during his trip.

Then as he subsided a little from these rhapsodies, he added abruptly and with a mixture of vexation and curiosity in his manner:

"And now, Dick, how about our wager? You see, I've forgotten! Are the cigars to come out of your pocket or mine?"

"Yours, of course, air—didn't I tell you so?" rejoined Dick, triumphantly, as he turned to his writing-desk. "Here they are, letters and photograph—and oh! such an asset as it is! Why, man, I'm in love, absolutely, hopelessly, desperately in love—as you, yourself, will be when you see her photo."

"In mercy, then, don't let me see it!" cried Charlie, striking a tragic attitude, "Dick, unlocking his desk, took out a small package of letters."

"I don't propose to show you the picture, till you've seen the letters, then, you shall see the scrap which writes such divine nonsense, though it be at the peril of your heart! Here is the first letter; read it, and then wonder, if you can, that it made every nerve within me thrill with exalted emotion and inspired me to do my prettiest in answering."

And Charlie, taking a dainty sheet of note-paper from Dick, read as follows:

(Miss Nellie Nettley to Dick Dashington.)

"BRANDON-ON-THE-HUDSON,"

"August 20, —"

"MR. DICK DASHINGTON—Receiving your 'Personal' in today's edition of the *Transfer*, I was delighted to find that you had written an episode in my own experience, one year ago, traveling last summer in company with a few friends in the vicinity of the White Mountains. We chanced to sojourn for a few days at the Glen Mountain House, a very fashionable resort, and, while there, my attention was irresistibly drawn to a gentleman, one of the guests, who possessed a few of the most attractive qualities of any I met."

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place, where it is, when in early summer its pure white bells, touched with the morning dew, bend gracefully on their stems, and half conceal themselves under the broad green leaves. No forced growth can call forth the admiration that is inspired only by flora development in its natural season, and under its natural conditions.

WHAT IS LIFE?

[illegible]

WHAT IS LIFE?

SCHOOL ROOM CROWDING.

BROWN'S DREAM 5

"I awake," Mrs. Brown was opening the shutters, and the rays of the morning sun fell on my face. Doctor, I have in those children all day long, and I dare to go to the school this morning." I Brown fixed his gaze intently on the

There was silence for some moments, when at last by the doctor, who said, "You have seen children released from

their bodily sufferings; I to-day have seen
them, and comforted their souls. All are

not to put the cat out of the room, but Miss would not submit to an indignity without, and commenced clawing at the old man's feet. This he thought was going too far; he rose to chastise the cat, but ere he had time to do so, he discovered that it was nothing less than a timely warning which Miss had given him; for not far from where

...and there was, under the table, a small
...which probably was

DRUNKENNESS, anger, and folly are rapidly mischievous, differing only in that the two first are transient and mutable, the third permanent and continuing.

EASTER FINNEL CAKE

holes in two sides, and one half of the tree to open by a hinge. Inside is a tangument of mirrors, and a box scale of yards from six hundred to thousand. With this instrument and slaves used in determining a base man by himself can ascertain the r of an object—a battery, a wood, a r or a body of men, in three minutes. Two men it can be accomplished in minutes.

CORRESPONDENCE

parent medium, to which the name is given filling all spaces between the bodies to which wave-like motion is imparted by light giving objects; that undulations are conveyed to the nerve and give the sense of vision in the same way as sound waves are transmitted through the air to the ear. Continued experiments are being made to know more about the nature of light and new discoveries are made from time to time.